



1st draft of essays  
Sketch of parts of  
proposed book  
1935

66B0245

Woolf  
[Articles]  
v. 6 1933, Pt. 1.



April 1935

Goodsmith

Sketch of intro<sup>n</sup> to Reading & Writing

Sketch for Proficiency etc.

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history in general, & for Bishop Stubbs in particular that  
Ketty used to feel that she must read Stubbs you'll not be  
disappointed then Craddock.

Esays

18th April 1893

NYPL

# Essays

8<sup>th</sup> April 1933



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8<sup>4</sup> April 33

Goldsmith

There is an opinion commonly held, especially  
by those who write themselves, that in <sup>literature</sup> ~~aspirations~~  
books that have defied time to undo them, are  
among the chief glories of the race. Therefore ~~it is~~  
~~to to~~ there can be no shame in passing ~~pleasing~~  
~~up as closely as we can, passing as our~~  
we need not be ashamed of passing time if we  
~~spend hours as these hours~~ that we spend  
exploring in the neighbor hood; for  
though the martubires have survived intact  
round about are ruins that did not weather  
the years, attempts. Messrs. Spermen to that which  
~~for some reason~~, though they may have helped  
towards the final triumph, failed themselves.  
as any great writer,

C7

failed to  
understand  
the point of  
wonder & the  
heart of  
Dummen  
(himself).

towards the final triumph, &  
 of the collected works of any great writer,  
 very are for the most part largely few  
 are a witness to this fact. These they occupy  
 a of the space one or two are read & re-read,  
 printed & re-printed. But this only the  
 new & again that the we not often that we  
 have time is inclination to begin at the  
 beginning; under the to pass the better to the  
~~manuscript~~ the to read up to the masterpiece,  
 through all those torn, blotted over leaves,  
 torn, yellow stained pages which the  
 author himself had to peruse before he achieved  
 came out at the summit, the high place &  
 used at the top. Yet there are few  
~~assurances~~ that ~~this~~ at the end, the  
 this yet nothing is more if the end, the  
 masterpiece, the achievement itself ~~is~~

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Handwritten notes on the right margin, including the words "Handwritten", "to the", "and", "from", and "the".





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# Goldsmith

that the selection  
has been made  
already &  
by impeccable taste

There is something to be said perhaps for  
pretending that we have never heard of a writer  
before. At least, we are compelled, in that case, to  
begin at the beginning, & read straight through.  
In the other case, assuming familiarity &  
taking other people's word for ~~what we do not know~~  
~~at first hand~~, the temptation is to ~~select one~~  
book & read that only. Why read the whole  
with the failures & the precludes? Why  
read up to the masterpiece, through all those  
scored & blotted pages which the author himself  
had to traverse before he came out at the  
summit, the high place of achievement at the  
top? But the truth is that we cannot  
understand the ~~yet if we can, we can~~  
~~for once forget our teacher~~. ~~But can we~~  
understand the success unless we understand the  
failures? Without both a ~~yet if we can~~  
bring ourselves to the state of mind of a beginner,  
yet it may be argued that we lose a great deal  
of unless we can trace him on his way,  
which is often not straight by any means, but  
~~degraded~~ & circuitous, as if ~~we~~  
shall lose a good deal of the ~~right~~ meaning  
of the triumph; ~~that is, in the~~ And,  
certainly we shall miss an element, an  
adventure. For if masterpiece deserve  
all that has been said of them, if they alone  
survive great hotels, green hills & other  
landmarks that seem <sup>and</sup> permanent enough,  
then it is ~~the effort~~ the ~~for a long~~  
the process that went to make them

though winding  
false & bog  
ending in a  
bag or  
a dark  
alley,



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Deserves to be <sup>weighed at</sup> reported, analyzed, recorded, traced,  
 & seen as the most mysterious of all forms of growth,  
 & the making of what is lovelier than the rose, &  
 more lasting than gold. marble.

more lasting than gold. <sup>marble.</sup>  
There was once then a scribbling journalist  
called Goldsmith. To judge from the first  
efforts that have survived, he wrote a great deal  
that no free man would human being in his senses  
would wish to write. The titles of some of these  
~~early essays read "Strike Gold upon the ear"~~  
On the mutability of worldly grandeur, for  
instance; or On Justice, singularity. - ~~some~~  
to cast a gloom upon the day. - ~~such~~ little  
seem. Yet to hit down before a sheet of  
paper headed "On the mutability of worldly  
grandeur" & to reflect that before night ~~some~~ <sup>thousands</sup> of words ~~must follow~~ <sup>will follow</sup> ~~into the heart &~~  
must follow would strike a chill ~~into the heart &~~ <sup>into their subject</sup>  
frequent, I assert. However, it cannot be denied  
that the unknown author acquitted himself on  
the whole creditably. He had  
does not know as more than can be helped. And  
as he proceeds, none can it become clear that  
has a task which nobody today could undertake  
simply, wholeheartedly, has for him ~~the~~  
great a certain naturalness. ~~We are beginning~~  
cannot read The Bee without suspecting that  
these hazy were written in the great age of the  
magist - the age, that is, of when what with  
the badness of the road, & the extreme rusticity  
of the country, it was a genuine delight to  
light candles, & sit in a warm room, with  
well lit room, & talk. The magist,  
for all that he remembers the country  
his youth in the country was ~~pleasant~~ <sup>pleasant</sup>, &  
the old dandy-maid <sup>rejoicing</sup> "me" into tears  
with Johnny Armstrong's Part Good Night

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as the cruelty of Barbara Allen" would rather, it  
seems to us, call them back to memory, than,  
than again ~~resurrect~~ <sup>than</sup> be marooned there, in  
Ireland, among the mists & the mad. If proof is  
needed, observe how voluble his temper is: how  
he delights in laughing <sup>and</sup> ~~at~~ the interchange of  
ideas, how he would never guess, to read their  
happen, that their author had tramped on foot  
over the Alps, had made his way mile after mile  
alone, over mountains, beds of flowers, though  
fought still yelling with wild beasts; had  
braved dangers & difficulties such as could be  
found now only in the Africa & India but were  
then the lot of any one who ~~he~~ made his way  
alone from Paris to Venice, with only a  
flute to pay the bill with. If they  
~~The Bee~~ <sup>is the</sup> if his travels left their  
mark upon his talk it was to prove it that a  
word & a robustly. He makes, as Fleet Street  
in relation to Leyden, Paris, Venice, Padua.  
He ~~There is~~ the floods, the tithes, the narrowness  
of the English curriculum, their parochial patriotism,  
their ~~superiority~~, their infantile belief in their  
own the superiority of their own family & its  
trade; But when all the ~~effects~~ <sup>light</sup> were  
lit for the beclay of Minden, he ~~spoke~~ <sup>spoke</sup> the  
truth, & moralized over the follies of the  
shoe maker & their wives: But there is  
nothing the robbery, the dreamer, of the  
violent man who has commenced with his  
heart alone in the wild: Handing -  
adventure have made him all the more  
appreciative of light & pleasure; ~~all~~  
all the more ready to do what he can to  
spread light, reason, toleration, good manners -  
pandering into art into the world.

addendum  
2 a more broad  
hand equable  
tolerance.

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illustrated with  
outlandish names,  
2

unlike  
any other  
book I have  
seen  
marked



And <sup>as to glen</sup> with first books  
 hardly get his first book, <sup>as it happens</sup>, the State of Polite  
 Learning, is a strange mixture of the perfunctory & of the  
 spontaneous, of ceremony & convention & originally  
 as if the in which the ~~de~~ <sup>is</sup> the task of  
 writing some where ~~stems~~ that where though the  
 main theme itself is formidable theme  
 is - the State of Polite Learning - is scarcely  
 given place to where the state of formidable theme  
 remains in ~~of the theme itself~~ <sup>only</sup>  
 which leave the formidable theme ~~sentence~~  
 the formidable theme ~~abstracted~~ stated,  
 is remains cold, remote, ~~less~~ scarcely broached.

The State of

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as for example  
 Mar Dante  
 "addressed a barbarous  
 people in a method  
 suited to their  
 apprehension"

The truth is that  
 he over most  
 of his reputation  
 to the obscurity  
 of the time in  
 which he  
 lived"

Learning in all countries is not remains a  
 matter of general observation of platitude,  
 & such general remarks as ~~could~~ <sup>can</sup> be  
 lifted from encyclopaedias & translated into  
 a blamable generalization. But, what  
 this is Great names, the author can only  
 But, at the ~~end~~ right hand of this perfunctory  
 commentator who happens to survey  
 all learning, to divide it into periods, to  
 date its ~~maturity~~ <sup>maturity</sup> begins, its maturity, its  
 fall, & to illustrate his theme with names  
 like Porphyrus Porphyro seneca, Lucian Prandus,  
 & Bertholdus Teutonicus 'a very voluminous  
 humorist', ~~letting~~ <sup>letting</sup> ~~himself~~ <sup>himself</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~known~~ <sup>known</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~ghost~~ <sup>ghost</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~another~~ <sup>another</sup> ~~somebody~~ <sup>somebody</sup>  
~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~different~~ <sup>different</sup> ~~kidney~~ <sup>kidney</sup> - an original  
~~somebody~~ <sup>somebody</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>who</sup> ~~cannot~~ <sup>cannot</sup> ~~allow~~ <sup>allow</sup>  
 the mind ~~discome~~ <sup>discome</sup> to broaden & flatten,  
 but ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~fluency~~ <sup>fluency</sup> & bring the story home to his  
 time, to ~~himself~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> ~~opinion~~ <sup>opinion</sup> & influence with  
 opinions which are plainly shaken in the  
 proper person ~~as a~~ <sup>as a</sup> ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup> ~~reason~~ <sup>reason</sup> ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~somebody~~ <sup>somebody</sup>



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which are made to the point. ~~Clearly the~~ ~~To the very~~  
whatever he may ~~be~~ service he may be forced to pay  
by the ~~deeds~~ ~~to~~ ~~need~~ ~~glory~~ up to his teeth, the ~~writer~~ is  
of ~~opinion~~ that ~~the~~ ~~center~~ ~~quadrant~~ is here in ~~fact~~  
that now to the great dead, the ~~living~~ man, the  
what the living writer is out to as far removed from  
the solemnity of the historian as can be. His  
up bubbles a genuine, sparkling comment; the voice of  
a live man protests; whatever ~~foresight~~ ~~might~~  
believe, he was not to be a ~~pedant~~, a  
Comedian of ~~Volos~~. He may, for the moment,  
assume the manner of omniscience, but in fact he is  
temperamentally opposed to such display. His own  
comment is ~~the~~ to the effect that ~~the~~ ~~learning~~  
has declined the critics are to blame. He has the  
insistence of the work who has little learning,  
but is is curious that he has something of his own,  
which, ~~his~~ ~~criticism~~, ~~un~~ supported as yet by  
fame, or wealth, will come one of these days to the  
Confusion of his enemies. ~~the~~ ~~then~~ ~~the~~ ~~values~~  
he says are ~~the~~ to blame. Critics, ~~ducks~~,  
people who write "encyclopedic jargon"  
encyclopaedists, writers who wrap up their sentences  
in long words — all the industrious, the  
the ~~compendious~~ ~~the~~ ~~was~~ an age of  
Compendious, ~~the~~ ~~encyclopaedists~~ ~~but~~ ~~foresight~~  
surveys them ~~undoubtedly~~. Thus, he breaks out  
again, again into ~~prose~~ against critics, against  
whichever against those dogmatists who  
think the live assembly vast encyclopaedism.  
which "may serve, when ~~just~~ ~~lulled~~, to adorn  
the lower shelves of a regular library; but  
was to the reader ....



Then,  
under  
he goes,

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His own self was not for learning; ~~but~~  
A <sup>man</sup> ~~presence~~ of his own qualities, he ~~makes~~ <sup>finds</sup> ~~the~~  
as if aware of his own qualities he derides those who  
are without them: "were angels to write books,  
they never would write folios". <sup>Can you see the</sup> ~~own~~  
self, something original, light, clear, <sup>in the same way</sup> ~~imaginative~~, he  
~~Asks~~ tells at the ~~of~~ camp ~~the~~ learned & obscure.  
who merely copy & compile; & "write through  
~~fast~~ volumes, while they do not think  
through a page". There it is the time; he  
say, of vast systems. ~~Literature~~ has become  
a world handed by other make encyclopedias;  
but then vast ~~confusion~~, collation of things,  
may serve to make an unwary referee above an  
ignorance: . . .  
No unperished perfect them. to the delight. the  
imaginable.

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His One can That was  
There must have been, his observer, a Cuban  
pleasure in sticking this at the great fairs;  
& yet the pleasure was a solitary, dangerous, as  
the world knew. For as he goes on to point out,  
with that good sense which obviously had  
experience to back it, times were all against  
the style. The individual, the angel who refused  
to write folios. The best the ~~times~~ <sup>was</sup>  
~~Liberalism~~ had ~~had~~ the angel so was  
gone with the patron who kept him  
in ~~and~~ cloth & fire. Lord Jomars was the  
last of the patrons. Was the book known  
to patron & author was broken; the  
bookshelves were paymaster; & they  
demanded not the original, the individual.  
the light; but quantity. "The author when  
unpatronized by the great, has naturally  
receive to the bookshelves."

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So much  
was not a  
Dear Duke  
Cann't keep  
Society in  
the high  
ground.  
but must  
wonder  
explore  
adventure  
on their  
over.  
He was away  
the  
wings; as  
he kept it  
long,  
It was  
impossible for  
him to be

but it was the bookseller who had the sense to see  
that the writer of this <sup>little</sup> book was the very man  
to they wanted to write not a compilation, but an  
essay. As it is this it was plain that here was  
one of those rare people who could write one  
of those rare books, who with every inducement  
to be hacks, have something of the thoroughbred  
about them; & can not be trusted to keep always  
to the high road, but must take a line of their  
own, cut across, leap streams, show a naked  
native spirit which of their own. But  
or in folds as Goldsmith had it when he was  
free from the press to express himself in more  
let to write ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~book~~ <sup>book</sup> X. Like the Bee, which  
I had taken for the title of my paper, I would  
rove from flower to flower, with seeming  
inattention, but concealed choice, expatiating  
over all the beauties of the season, & make  
my industry my amusement." Accordingly  
the papers which follow show precisely  
those gifts which Goldsmith denied to the  
bookseller's hand. ~~Alas, this true the subject is~~  
valuable - It is true that the title of some of the  
papers are enough to chill the veins of the young  
& jay, there was one of those rare people  
who are not as we, even in the early work,  
can be certain, who have given pen & ink  
can somehow make the away - cut  
their way through ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~difficulties~~ <sup>difficulties</sup>, & all  
the other way exactly what they mean.  
pre-distill something from themselves into their  
words; so that their little hearing they  
there the one thing they wish is to be perhaps  
his the only gift: perhaps. It is not a great gift.



*[Faint, illegible handwriting covering the majority of the page, likely bleed-through from the reverse side.]*

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*[Faint, illegible handwriting in the right margin, possibly a list or notes.]*

Prohibits the secret that <sup>of life glori</sup> keeps alive what might else  
the era piece of knowledge that cannot be repeated.  
But when Goldsmith became article writer for the Bee,  
his ~~liberated~~ <sup>was free to be written</sup> he was ~~freer~~  
~~same free man~~ <sup>was free</sup>, at least he was  
offering to from flower to flower as he hints it in  
his first article "with being in attention, but  
concealed choice" was able to shed most of the  
trappings that his pompousness & solemnities  
This true that ~~this liberty is not~~ <sup>it is true</sup>  
he wrote a good deal that no human being in his  
senses would want to write.

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

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*[Small, dark, horizontal mark or smudge.]*



the fluency of writing:  
No however, undoubtedly, the rare gift, the which  
which is scarcely to be a which is scarcely to be  
analysed, yet is felt by the reader, even instantly,  
almost ~~just~~ <sup>gradually</sup> sometimes, as because  
sometimes gets scant praise from the reader,  
because he suspects the very quality that nothing  
that reads easily must be light in weight, - yet  
without that gift: the heaviness, the  
denseness the opacity of language loses its  
opacity: ~~sentences~~ words ~~lose~~ become  
transparent; the solemn & the serious  
I though you often rather distrust the lightness  
the ear, which is the result, as was no other  
this advance the ~~glow~~ <sup>we think as the</sup>  
we are in contact with ~~what is there~~ the thing  
itely. Thus, again & again, even in their right  
Mica, Goldsmith cuts throat, rolls up,  
makes short work of the ~~long~~ <sup>long</sup> solemnity,  
by a ~~circumlocution~~ <sup>the little</sup> colloquial word,  
the vivid phrase that comes straight from the  
they scene - "I stoop down to pick up a  
pen, which he quells into the flap of his  
Coat-pocket with great avidity":  
At the door "He had, as he fancied, just  
nickied the time, for he came in as the cloth  
was laying" - whole there ~~and yet the~~  
water has no one ~~would~~ to write with  
this ~~freshness~~ No doubt the  
A this ~~there~~ the and yet the phrase is  
no ~~there~~ is I use it in form  
with the phrase, so that we do  
never lose the other pleasure, which is, if  
less openly no less certainly part of the  
persuasion in combination - a the linking

never with  
a solemn  
decorative  
flourish  
(I think)

1  
10

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the formal, the ceremonious, something ordered, &  
 arranged, so that we draw in, hang curiously,  
 as we go on hearing the ~~man~~ listening to the  
 the other & elements in writing, the musical,  
 the run & follow & order of sentence after sentence  
 keeps up its flow, & no doubt - mysterious as  
 all these things are - persuades ~~the man~~ us  
 while it seems to be doing nothing but ~~to~~  
 keep the sentence in order ~~to~~ ~~what~~  
 & indeed in, breathes an incantation, ~~scatters~~  
 lie down, submit themselves as ~~to~~ ~~what~~  
 did with his taste, in which the mind  
 I ~~can~~ ~~the mind~~ ~~remains~~ the mind  
 to ideas, to pleasure, to recreation is lowered.  
 & produces the illusion that we  
 can accept anything; that we are wide  
 open to all experience. ~~There is that~~  
 good mother says, ~~let a rule, in head~~  
 have the quality ~~have~~ ~~so many~~ hints;  
 we might get formal sometimes, still succeed  
~~that the many hints~~ ~~hint - suggest~~ ~~seem to~~  
~~be~~ ~~are~~ still alive with hints,  
 with suggestions, & Nobody will suggest  
 that in these early essays Goldsmith was  
 capable of. Naturally the experience in this  
 early essay was a triumph; the revelation  
 a matter of ~~still~~ ~~late~~ ~~can~~ ~~hear~~ the  
~~the~~ ~~dis~~ ~~as~~ that he was aware he could  
 do better, that he revealed the  
 was doing a difficult task, though  
 - the point under that we was  
 running the risk of being only superficial.  
 "Nefely, superficial are terms of reproach  
 that are easily depicted, & that carry an  
 air of penetration in the observer. There



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faults has been objected to the following way;  
 & it must be owned in some measure that the  
 charge is true. However I could have made  
 them more metaphorical had I thought  
 fit; but I would ask whether, in a short  
 essay this not be anary to be superficial?  
 These, it seems, but though we might well  
 praise them, in order to draw out the author's  
 pen, & to define something we just see,  
 somebody eager, vain, ambitious, who  
 has not yet said his say or made his mark,  
 & add to the signs the same sort -  
 for if Goldsmith writes easily, much of his  
 own talk. Idiompracy will appear,  
 his love of experiment, his wish to be  
 original, & other qualities which, such is  
 the complacency attending, we scarcely  
 connect with them like hearing a voice,  
 detecting some great personal quality,  
 whatever more remarkable in these little pieces  
 is the sense that ~~was~~ the author has  
 some difficulty in keeping to the essay.  
 His figures become too big for the piece.

signs 7

are still haunted ~~after~~ with popular with  
 hints & with all those suggestions, those  
 hints of reflections, ~~as before~~ - for ~~was~~ which  
 combining to can only go on living when  
 this element itself possesses has this  
 indefinable vitality. Thus Goldsmith  
 the unknown & idealist is not a  
 letting us not merely that ~~nothing~~ doing  
 his essays duty treating his theme;





apt

which is often dull enough; he is at the same time  
~~possessing the superiority~~ with the fact that  
~~he is~~ revealing himself as an independent,  
strong, lively minded man; a born  
one born to laugh at humbug, with a taste for  
experiment, with a rather indolgent attitude  
towards pomp & ceremonies of life & authorship, with a  
love of originality as opposed to learning, & a  
taste speaking of some queer streak in him,  
not of vanity, of an earman, which seems to  
detract as hint that he is not one among  
the distracted, the haunted, the personally  
thwarted. ~~He is~~ not eccentric, but 'offhand',  
discusses clothes, the ~~more~~ he says upon his own  
why, we ask, talk so much of clothes? why  
say such things, upon even in joke, upon one.  
our chance of immortality? unless there is  
a But the ~~same~~ ~~question~~ of the snags is  
that they ~~are~~ the worse of egotistical & Nothing  
is they see Fleet are, as the contrary, regularly  
wide minded for <sup>such</sup> ~~liberal~~ papers. The writer, his  
clear, has translated. He sees & Fleet that  
in relation to Leyden, Paris, Rome, Padua.  
He has ridiculed the narrowness, the parochial  
patronism of the English & They are  
as snags they suffer very often from the  
tendency of some character to grow too  
large in them; to take up the room that  
should have been left to reflection  
But the most notable quality is the  
general to step out of this narrow way -  
take his own way through a volume.  
Otherwise, the snag is nothing if not  
curiously

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But now we are confronted with the Vicar of  
 Wetherfield; ~~the a~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~moment~~ <sup>of</sup> nervousness ~~moment~~  
 because when a book has reached that rank,  
 it has the power to turn the ~~chances~~ <sup>chances</sup> are that  
~~it will~~ <sup>it is</sup> impossible to not to feel completely  
 self possessed. Other what surprised so many  
 generations of critics ~~it must have some~~  
 quality that ~~over~~ <sup>we</sup> with ~~surprise~~ <sup>any</sup> that  
 any disparagement ~~we~~ <sup>after</sup> is also  
 more likely to be a confession amount to  
 that by all I will probably ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> out last  
 our criticisms too ~~we~~ <sup>shall</sup> this generation  
 too, & our criticism will merely make us, not  
 show us, ~~not~~ <sup>its</sup> limitations. Cut out against  
 the ~~can~~ <sup>is</sup> diminished orbit. The ~~And~~ <sup>And</sup> ~~some~~  
 his way to enough to take up a line which is  
 the difficulty is to forget the present. To  
 lose the contract & simply a ~~become~~  
 generalised enough to accept. This extremely  
 simple statement; to not to feel that  
 we are being given a child's drawing,  
 something quaint, amusing, something  
 that charms us because it has evaded  
 all the difficulties, all the problems, all  
 the ugliness of complexity & life; has  
 reduced the whole ~~the power~~  
~~the whole~~ <sup>the whole</sup> ~~the whole~~ <sup>the whole</sup> ~~the whole~~ <sup>the whole</sup>  
 we have the whole at what ~~we~~  
 have ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> accustomed. The outline is  
 so distinct; the ~~form~~ <sup>form</sup> ~~as the~~  
 narrative goes on, that not a doubt



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look the look, not a shadow cloud, this candid,  
 this serene, this pure outline. When the eighteenth-  
 Century is eighteenth century it simplicity, its  
 purity are have a charm which is almost  
 mysterious. The ~~Primitives~~ the way, with  
 its morality, its rotundity, seems almost only  
 to have widened its sphere; but to have  
 kept still something of the didacticism  
 of the severely broken to that form. For  
 in an essay, when Goldsmith is seeking  
 make concrete one of his papers, he  
 introduces typical figures - Beattie, or  
 Harry Thacker; & we feel that they are  
 at the writer's service - figures to illustrate  
 his theme. Here too the they are kept on a  
 string for that purpose. And here too the  
 good Vicar, & his wife, family seem  
 almost too fat, too apt an illustration  
 of the good clergyman to excite who those  
 feeling. That figures in more troubled  
 books gladden novelist's eye - The pattern is  
 traced too simply & severely: ~~we~~ cannot  
 keep help feeling that we are his  
 The extreme simplicity hardly comes across  
 in us. A man as good as Dr Beattie  
 must be rewarded. This would be lives in  
 is a perfectly balanced place. We can  
 have no surmise no doubt: & that  
 as some is so direct a challenge to our  
 sensibilities that they are numbed & then  
 chilled. We cannot allow the balance.  
 But at the same time, we can balance,

NYPL



whether we are now drawing upon elementary &  
simple feelings, whether there are bad as good — we  
can but know, we cannot help believing in the  
succession of events. The people, then, are  
of the simplest machinery: the ~~hardy~~ wife has  
her vanity about Den; the vicar is wounded  
shaded with his vanity about his sermons;  
otherwise the character of the prisoners are  
rather like those tropical fish, whose backbone  
can be seen in their transparent flesh as  
they swim in their glass cases. Only  
and yet the story moves: the people are not  
fish, but sensibly & sincerely  
glide across this clear crystalline century  
pastoral landscape, where the writer  
for one seems to be aware of all that  
can be said in praise of the century,  
whose breakfast is eaten on a honeysuckle  
bank, whose larks are sweet, the  
hearth is neat, & the fore house pleasantly  
the blind paper pays us a visit; the  
sorrowing man is drunk, & that those  
ancient monks, whom Goldsmith heard  
all his life, again sing, as in the innocent  
Days of his youth, Johnny Armstrong's!  
Last good night, or the cruelty of  
Barbara Allen

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NYPL

the quality still this idea of it what we are  
getting then is the sense of something stated  
with perfect accuracy, clarity. Nothing  
disturbs the apparently inevitable story;  
not for an instant does the reader hinder latter, a  
frigger. This, we begin to perceive, is the  
more of his world; we cannot remember it;  
the parts connect; the bad says: the  
humours of the home, the streets, the  
pat with the tragedians; & somehow, when we  
have reduced the whole thing to its own  
scale, then it makes a rounded great slanted  
world, where the eighteenth century coarseness is  
amply allowed for by the fact that every  
Lecturer is disclosed in the end, & even the  
vilest of the role — but Goldsmith  
characteristically breaks his narrative to  
discuss with his usual humanity on the  
ends of the <sup>parliamentary</sup> prison system — & lets his  
cannots to cut tobacco stoppers & has  
them almost converted before the  
imprisonment is over — become  
addicted to cutting tobacco stoppers &  
turning an honest penny & repenting of their  
way.

That the Vicar is one of the great  
figures of fiction is an indisputable contention.  
The whole There is not much blood in  
him; to his Excellencies are too much.  
his headstrong but transitory; but  
since we are aware, at the same time,  
of that flaw, that serene quality in the  
tale, which means that it has somehow



NYPL

Load into a purer & bluer & purer air, & has

~~But now we are~~

And when we come to the Vicar of Wakefield  
it seems at first as if

But now we are confronted with  
the Vicar of Wakefield, a book which has  
nourished so many generations of critics  
that their mere mention <sup>have</sup> called a masterpiece,  
granted some quality, & something more academic,  
in some measure in its composition; even if  
at first sight it strikes us. At first  
regard the eighteenth century one may be ~~that~~  
superior to the eighteenth century, here  
as its most is going to give a vigorous  
charm. All the race, the breeding, the symmetry  
that are seen in these lucid pages. But  
to overcome us with its deeply, its breeding, its  
symmetry, so that we so that instead of  
judging it as a work we praise it for  
its maintenance, its old customs, its spirit  
padding, & frolics; & for the  
& for the surface grace of style which  
& diminish the so designed the figures to  
Oral the figures into illustrations & that  
very well bred style in furniture. There is  
certainly some temptation; for the Vicar  
has not entirely lost the character  
which distinguishes the more static art of the  
crayon. The boundaries are enlarged;  
the water has a hundred pages or so & not  
two columns at his disposal.

NYPL



It has something of the didacticism which is  
 proper to the essay; for ~~as the something of the~~  
~~in the essay, the latter~~ the character, that is,  
 are not put for to go their ways; they  
~~are kept at the~~ but must come back into the  
 pattern, yet at the most serve to illustrate the  
 theme which the writer is preaching. The  
 good Vicar & his wife & children seem almost  
 too put, too apt an illustration of the  
 theme. But the fact is a longer that if we  
 are not used to novelty, who  
 feel this kind a restricted sense more  
 than is pleasant, this to some extent  
 because we are have lost the habit  
 of detecting <sup>the good man</sup> virtue in our books.  
 The ~~heroic~~ beautiful, the noble character  
 is very seldom chosen made the subject  
 of art fiction nowadays; or if so, the  
 novelist never ~~praises~~ rings with simple  
 certainly the praise of goodness. But  
 Goldsmith ~~it was~~ goodness was ~~unusually~~  
~~was~~ was a perfectly various theme;  
~~perhaps~~ <sup>perhaps</sup> he believed in goodness, he partly  
 the goodness of the Vicar; he ~~also~~ <sup>also</sup> proved it on  
 every occasion, in every trial; but he also  
 believed in the that if goodness will  
 triumph; ~~in the~~ however he rewarded. Dr.  
 Remond thus has only to meet every  
 buffet with truth & courage, & he is  
 sure, & we are now, that, in the last chapter

<

NYPL

in the last chapter every knot will be miraculously  
loosed, & he will step forth free, <sup>unmolested</sup>; because  
the world is ~~a part~~ in itself as a tendency to  
live here & there is a perfectly balanced place.  
~~If we accept this belief, then in the end.~~

~~This is a simple faith can only be held~~  
Something the eagerly desire to prove his  
case at the end of the column is ~~not~~ ~~from~~ still  
is probably the cause of it still  
& vulnerable for a doctrine which, in a novel,  
has some drawbacks. For if, in fact,  
nobody can be very seriously concerned  
for Dr. Remond as & his family, even when  
things are at their worst. We cannot

take the ~~deduct~~ ~~what does it~~ ~~mean~~  
It would be aspersions to pretend, even  
within a when a fortune is lost, & a daughter  
seduced & a home burnt, & a good man  
thrown into prison that our we have  
stretch our sympathies to the full, or  
felt alarm or doubt. ] Nobody can

be seriously concerned for the late & this  
innocent, charming, wholly innocent  
clergyman. ~~The shade, the~~ Nobody can  
for ~~there the charm of the back lies~~

~~violence, wrong seem strict for the~~  
names of violence & wrong are casted,  
mentioned, but no such villain dare  
penetrate in this pastoral landscape,  
whose breakfast is eaten on a  
longy reach bank, & the fore  
been pleasantly, & the ~~best~~ paper  
paper & the ringer ~~using~~ the whose voice



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is inherent in it. ~~it~~

45  
Its virtue wells up, like sap, & runs from page to page,  
here never flowering Gaudily, but breaking into  
a thousand little leaves, green leaves. It has  
a ~~symmetrical~~ <sup>symmetry</sup> ~~symmetry~~ spirit about it, which  
is quite distinct from that Puritanic <sup>repression</sup>  
Century grace which we so often ~~bestow credit to~~  
~~upon the eighteenth century~~, as if a book  
~~is forgetting the~~

belong upon the eighteenth century, as if  
we had until some rough word, even in Jane  
Austen, comes as a to remind us that  
because they wrote a neat style they were  
not necessarily deprived of passion.  
But the symmetry remains, even though ~~there is~~  
~~as a~~ in order to close the same valuably  
~~there is, as the said, a general violence~~  
of the methods of the stage are needed to  
close the book safe in order.

NYPL

and at this point, nothing could be more  
natural than that Goldsmith should  
write a play; for it is clear that the  
imagination which tends to simplify  
character, as is better suited in the drama  
than in fiction. [When Mr. Barchell in  
the Vicar exclaims Fudge, fudge fudge,  
Mr. J. On the stage ~~There~~ Now & again  
in reading the Vicar of Wakefield the reader  
is half inclined to stage the scene - to  
let ~~him~~ think how ~~much~~ more effective  
Mr. Barchell's fudge fudge fudge would  
sound if it were spoken aloud; to  
conceive the ~~to~~ ~~last~~ the ~~effect~~ how  
much ~~how~~ how ~~fine~~ much the Vicar's his  
words would gain in ~~reality~~ if they  
were spoken in strength, in life, if instead  
of being ~~looked~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ presented in prose  
however simple, they were acted, the character  
comedy is latent, in which ~~words~~ the  
would be sharpened, if they & the scenes  
enforced if they were acted before the eye,  
not read by the eye, ~~silently~~ in the printed  
page. in imagination which tends to  
simplify character & is better suited in  
the drama than in fiction; because what  
is ~~lost~~ where so much is taken for granted,  
arises by Goldsmith, there is no  
reason for the privacy, for the seclusion  
we are not asked to observe anything  
remotely, to think ~~with~~ ~~us~~ ~~half~~ ~~of~~ ~~our~~



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so slowly & think carefully, & show up a myriad of  
imperfections which can only be conveyed by  
the intricacies of prose; can only be  
recovered in the silence with which would be  
disturbed by the physical presence of the speaker -  
something of the simple Goldsmith comes between  
has still something though ~~as to~~ far  
removed from the Elizabethans, ~~comes~~  
was though clearly <sup>as</sup> far removed  
from the Elizabethan violence as from the more  
Edwardian psychology, stood at the very  
front where comedy can flourish - at the  
very angle where the life can be seen  
to be ~~has~~ is as there is no great  
doubt, where there is a reason; a form  
whose lines have been laid down, where  
there is a house in the modern style,  
where there is a great deal of conversation,  
where the ~~humorous~~ ~~observer~~ can  
cherish to say in a roomy & well built  
house, where there is lecture, order,  
rules, & a good deal of security. To  
him, human beings were still - character,  
not humour. There was nothing, even in  
villain Mr. Thornhill, that seriously upset  
the order of the universe. Nothing could  
lead all was ripe for comedy; &  
for the comedy that gains by the  
physical presence of the actors, that is  
that is able to make Goldsmith  
could quite naturally the good  
natured man is a quite sufficient  
description of Mr. Honeywood.

NYPL



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Just as Croaker describes the main qualities of the  
Dermat & whose delight it is to mark the  
increase & progress of earth quakes, & to  
to whose duty it who finds his pleasure in  
going to see old Ruggins the Curry-comb  
maker, lying in state. "He was an  
intimate friend of mine, & there are  
friendly things we ought to do for each  
other." "I am told he makes a very  
handsome coffin, & becomes his  
coffin prodigiously." we can

hardly read that sentence, without a  
devoid feeling that it would gain very  
much from being acted. Croaker,  
~~who~~ ~~clear~~ ~~is~~ ~~a~~ ~~It~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~a~~ ~~rare~~  
pleasure to hear Croaker. Mrs Croaker  
getting a cross each other he <sup>all</sup> ~~with~~ his  
Gloom, she ~~wish~~ ~~her~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~mis~~ ~~tem~~ ~~per~~ ~~ment~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~spirit~~.  
~~There are a~~ ~~Not~~ ~~are~~ ~~they~~ ~~But~~ ~~But~~  
~~Goldsmith was also to hear~~ ~~And~~  
follow Lofty, boasting, till it culminates  
in the ~~this~~ ~~friend~~, ~~she~~ ~~rejoice~~, till it  
culminates "in the great boast: I h  
Have I been labelled in the foreteller, & pruned in  
Nor ~~are~~ ~~we~~ ~~And~~ ~~the~~ ~~blay~~

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indeed, even when read leaves  
and yet those Goldsmith followed  
the old habit of labelling his people with  
names that seem to lower them to one  
quality, he shows himself an ingenua. His

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the life of the character themselves, so that our  
interest is balanced, was all the time, & we  
never lose the double <sup>intellectual</sup> pleasure which comes  
from the combined pleasure of feeling  
that Tony & the Hardcastle &  
taste the double pleasure of a comic situation  
& of living people in combination. It may  
be objected that the amusement of it  
is not of the highest order. It may be said that  
we ~~are not~~ do not have the theatre with  
a deeper understanding of human frailty &  
oddity when we have laughed to tears  
over the predicament of a poor lady who  
finds herself in a bag has been driven round  
her own home for two hours in the darkness &  
taken her own husband for a highwayman -  
~~It may be said~~ that the dilemma  
which is to mistake a private house for an  
inn is not of such <sup>national</sup> deeply importance  
that as to reveal ~~human~~ the defects, or the  
dignity of human nature: - but  
when a ~~poet~~ poet there can be no doubt  
that ~~there is~~ as we that the back as  
leave the theatre are likely to such Cavilliers:  
the thing is perfect of its kind; ~~and we can~~  
~~as our~~ ~~indeed~~ ~~complete~~ ~~it is~~ ~~about~~  
to ask for another kind, but in fact, such  
is the ~~marvellous~~ ~~permeation~~ ~~of~~ ~~poetic~~ ~~vision~~  
mastery, no one would wish the shell as them,  
has any ~~faculty~~ has the power to ask for anything  
else: the Cavilliers are too fully kept in  
action.

a  
dia ster

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NYPL



no room  
for Chap.  
fitted  
here

1  
210

1  
437  
as in the  
vicinity  
watched

at the same time, when a writer is gifted, nobody can  
miss one of the interests given when there is a  
gift of some mass & extent when it is not  
signs <sup>body</sup> which will be found in it, in a  
word, here & there of other heaping at  
other developments. possibilities, even when  
there seems no reason why at the moment it  
seems justly ~~justly~~ <sup>complete</sup>. In foldsmith's  
early work we are sometimes checked by a  
sentence which sometimes hear another  
a note the — "... by that facility of travelling  
which is natural to a person who dreams."  
"But they are dead, & their sorrows are over"; <sup>as in</sup> <sup>his</sup>  
"Life abis <sup>fulsome</sup> but is but a forward  
child, that must be humoured &  
care coaxed a little till it falls asleep,  
& then all the care is over" —  
"Gambaux smelt a yellow gloom"  
"No wands were heard but as the shrilling  
cock, & the deep-mouthed watch-dog at  
hollow distance" — as in the great humorous  
man. which for a moment seem, not  
much out of place, as but from another place,  
going to <sup>leading</sup> deepening the pace,  
~~but as they wandered from~~ removed from  
the present moment. It ~~was~~ with  
Reading them, the thought strikes us that  
it may very well be that this courteous &  
urbane mind would, given the chance, like  
to ~~stop~~ stop for a moment its  
brisk pace, its serene & sparkling  
comment. This ~~is not~~ <sup>is</sup> surprising to find  
when the clear & bright surface as they

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read his  
Confession:

~~He has accumulated, in his~~  
~~Experience has accumulated in him;~~  
to express, in ~~the~~ <sup>some</sup> more abrupt & concentrated  
manner the experience that has been accumulating  
in him. ~~This is~~ No surprise to find  
him exclaim & say that Poetry has been  
"My shame in crown, my solitary pride"  
Thou source of all my bliss, & all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, & keep'st me so"  
~~Only, at home, when we read the lines, in which~~  
~~Yet there is no very great gulf between goldsmith,~~  
~~Country & his poem. Still even in the~~  
~~Deserted Village, this the theme of the~~  
~~Deserted Village is one that already families~~  
that he has stated over & over again, in his  
essay, in the history of the world - ~~this~~  
the old story of the rich & the poor - ~~rich~~  
Empire, for in conflict with poverty &  
pleasure; how the country is supplied with peasants;  
how the luxury of the few keeps the many  
wretched & how there is nothing worth having  
but the affection, joy, & ~~how in the~~ ~~the~~  
gentler morals; how power & glory  
the false cult of liberty

how that  
that independence makes prize too high,  
keeps man from man, & breaks the  
social tie.

It has all been said before in prose, but  
here as come in poetry is made concrete:  
unrealized, untied, given a voice, & action.  
The village is Auburn: the



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Negation

61  
This poetry alone remove from prose; poetry being  
only the grey & browns in her palette; poetry  
clicking her heels together in the best-embellished  
Courtly manner, as though the lines were above  
gathering round the figures of grace &  
Courtly Dance. ~~It would be almost~~ wildness  
as in disconcerting, & disorder. The poet keeps  
himself from heat & self collected. He is  
leading us a lion, a very his art to  
thicken his argument; not <sup>to</sup> having his soul  
pervade his individual soul. Yet this imperious  
cut, with its symbolic figures, its typical  
swann, its zephyr, its sunny deep & its vernal  
air, has its peculiar melody, just & just  
~~became the poet is so reserved & formal,~~  
his ~~solitary~~ occasional pathos is moving,  
in a world where this obviously not good  
manner to speak about itself. Moreover  
and this objection that Goldsmith's imagination  
is too tenderly & purely domestic, that the  
best most beautiful that he frames over all  
Italy & France in favour of a neat heart, &  
begins from cups on the table, it  
must also be added that he this same,  
after all, is not the refuge, & as it is not  
refined in the sense that this  
has none of the prettiness of luxury; this a fact  
to which he would bear witness, that there was  
to him a personal sacrifice like that was  
valuable in itself & display; he to cut  
through all his simplicity is the path of  
life, not an artificial & selfish refinement.

NYPC



Whom  
scattered

Cat.  
S 5

But at this

which a ~~Walt Whitman~~

one may assume from  
the writer who

It does not need

could describe an author's bedroom,  
with its window patched with paper, its randed  
floor, its damp wall, a rusty grate, its bills  
the unpaid bills scrowled on the wall, &  
where the author hunched by 'Shet's' beneath a  
veg" was clearly not one had clearly  
come to a taste was not come to appreciate  
such taken the was not taking did not look  
upon was not as ~~had~~ a funny to multiply  
from a bespect of luxury. And yet  
there is nothing that And yet the simplicity  
it must be admitted one as the goldsmith  
for a winter of maps. ~~flourish~~ ~~very~~ ~~thorough~~ ~~often~~ ~~curiously~~  
little footings to that the to the ~~curious~~  
red reader who is curiously reticent.  
There is ~~the~~ is curiously ~~marrying~~ of self ~~utic~~  
revelation. Perhaps the The dust of his  
thought is regular ~~both~~ clear & consistent.  
It is to be found in the same ~~both~~  
wherever he is opened. But ~~the~~ the  
there is he is this one of the ~~jaudicial~~  
of his. But the ~~freedom~~ of his style the  
the his the dust of his character, the  
st. ~~humbles~~ ~~the~~ life, the life ~~down~~  
the life are all ~~found~~ ~~one~~ ~~away~~  
melted down & ~~found~~ & it is very difficult  
to catch more than a glimpse of them  
& ~~found~~ & ~~found~~ away. in this ~~clear~~.  
Perhaps ~~to be~~ ~~perhaps~~ ~~is~~ ~~always~~ ~~so~~ when  
to under Perhaps ~~this~~ ~~always~~ ~~so~~, when  
the writer is, as ~~goldsmith~~ was, so

in which  
the  
Cathedral  
in which

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is naturally & inevitably a writer that  
even the first hard won sentences seem to be  
accommodating themselves to an intrinsic  
melody. Later, when his pen is perfectly  
controlled, he ~~can~~ ~~confidently~~ he can talk of  
himself almost as if it were another person —  
"The only dedication I ever made was to my  
brother, because I loved him better than  
most other men. He is long dead."  
Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

~~For all the reader can get~~  
Thus kept at arms length, beautifully  
entertained, even untroubled, the reader  
comes right well as rare for a letter  
insistence here or there upon duty, upon  
Hymen, upon authority, personal  
pleasures & simplicity, infer that Goldsmit  
was untroubled in life as in spirit,  
might endow him with a library, with a  
neat country house, with wife & family.  
~~But then of course there is Boswell.~~  
For in ten pages Macaulay, Hay Lamb, &  
Hazlitt would have told us more.



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developed  
all their  
powers.

& volubly

has a  
definite

But of course the book in which Goldsmith  
revealed himself most completely as an  
essayist is ~~The Citizen of the World~~  
the collection of essays in which he called  
appropriately ~~The Citizen of the World~~. The  
more London letter is deserved. The Bee was a rampant  
random insect: that is what the orientals who  
made his took up his station in London in 17  
~~Even though he means he but faintly had~~  
a theme saw made had is light has a  
~~theme to preach, though so that a stationing~~  
~~a point of view, even a theory, which requires~~  
~~there has a~~ <sup>main</sup> theme to expound, for to which he  
exhausts, after all his exuberance - a point of view  
which develops, & orders what might have been  
scattered & fugitive fragments; ~~The reproach~~  
~~which had been~~ into a continuous, if discursive,  
whole book: a book which leaves the impression of  
consistency, though true to his & justifying  
Goldsmith's assertion that an ~~essayist~~ <sup>a book</sup> may  
write with ease & not necessarily superficially  
& empty because it makes easy reading:  
Indeed he proves that ~~without~~ <sup>or</sup> without ~~without~~ <sup>or</sup>  
argument, he proves! It is true that there is  
no argument, & little learning: indeed,  
the wisdom of which is the reason ~~between~~  
~~thinkers~~ might have & it he could  
scarcely have chosen a method better suited to  
make the new public, which has perceived  
growing up, to whom ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> who had  
come to demand not lectures, but books,  
who had come to look to writers for their  
guidance as they used to look to the Church,  
conscious of the ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> aware of their

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of all the possibilities of life themselves. This Oriental, —  
his true skin is the very faintest dye — ~~can~~  
picks up his Nation, not in the hurly-burly or in  
the last Lecture room; he stands among the  
ordinary citizens of London; but just at a such a  
remove; which his Oriental blood ~~releases~~ makes  
natural: & see them going to the play as  
busy their daily lives; with the critical  
& tells them how their actions in every  
direction strike him. He points out that the  
English the French are spilling each others blood  
"all upon account of one side's desiring to  
wear greater quantities of ~~fur~~ than the other  
"the ladies edged some of them clothes with  
fur, & muffs were worn both by the  
gentlemen & ladies." The French ladies —  
gentlemen have the same are fur fans; hence  
the ~~to~~ "very destructive war" to get  
possession of a country cold, desolate, &  
barren; a country belonging to a  
people who were in possession for time  
immemorial ... Such is the contest,  
that no honest man can heartily wish  
success to either party." But the English  
are a good hearted, & confident people. When  
they have taken possession they set up a  
subscription to see that they are well looked after.  
He places off to describe other peculiarities  
of the strange race. They have a  
passion for ~~telling~~ people of other ~~very~~ what  
they ~~are~~ down the law about ~~just~~ other races.  
They must that he shall eat hare &  
crabskin panned under his chin & eat  
beaver claws & birds nests with chop sticks.

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2.  
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They. St Pauls is full of hang with rags taken from the enemy in the great war. "The silk of which they are composed, when new, might be valued at half a string of copper money in China, yet their waste people . . .

2.  
150.

fattered silk" And in St Pauls shelly, half the carpsaken leave after the organ has done; the rest have no sign of devotion: one opens the country; another his mouth; a third looks whether, a fourth looks down. . . . ~~There~~ The English, his, broad cutters, gentlemen that they "always very right, very dull, ever on the safe side of an argument; . . . & book sellers, who ask you to sign your names to books you have not written. They have the fashion for their novels. Obscurity is now the fashion. Even the ladies, now carrying those books openly in their hands, which formerly were hid under the cushion "By the way of some peculiar denunciations, we are always sure of getting laughter, for the jest does not lie in the water, but in the subject."

2.  
156

To the Chinese observer But the Chinese observer is thorough all their comparisons & contrasting into the Chinese observer is a clear eyed outspoken man, whose always rather skeptical, rather as shown, & always ready to turn aside & talk to a cobbler when the rest of the word is pressing to greet the foreign ambassador, & get his comments upon affairs. "I have no business with fine folk & they no business with me."



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the history  
of the  
country.

Goldsmith himself. The Chinese himself is  
all on the side of the humble. There are too many  
liberal great men in the world, living in letters  
let, with liberal admirers who sit down &  
write his life "You may probably be called  
the revolutionaries as a life between the fire side  
& the easy chair". As far as the  
"For you I stand the moral" For you. I may  
find, Common sense

304

deftly

that the discharge of these arrows at the  
flanks of the British public of Goldsmith's day  
was ~~of course~~ done with all the not a very  
with great ~~discretion~~. He was ~~could only~~  
was greatly helped by his ~~inborn~~ natural  
tendency to think of things ~~not~~ make  
nonchalance but under cover of fiction.  
Goldsmith, as the direct observer commentators  
can be as ~~poor~~ flat. Hugh ~~not~~ as solid, as  
any of the ~~folks~~ would this abhorrence.  
that let His hand was as a random  
hand to make kind that did not fit him to  
write a ~~razed~~ caricature in the first  
year ~~imperial~~. But he had of course  
the other gift - the which, ~~given~~ an idea,  
~~at once~~ let in motion a ~~if it~~ conceives of an  
opinion, at once ~~lets~~ <sup>hears</sup> it as men & women  
talking. ~~Let a room~~ about it, & see them  
in all their oddity & in a human being  
& this human habits are many  
sides, cannot keep to the straight line  
of theory, but must ~~envelop~~ ~~about~~ the  
unsubstantiated with flesh. No. & then

NYPL



L  
87

Give the reader boys into play a great many  
more sympathies that are never to be found by  
reason. Hence as we read the legend, we  
think <sup>make a point</sup> which glimmers of the Beau Tibbs & his wife  
& the party who went to Vauxhall; we  
near the Club at Islington, & the Park, & information  
the odd character who breaks her, who may have  
can if we choose, identity between the adventures of her  
~~like~~ man identity the hear the thing "which is as  
true as that the pipe is made of clay" & the  
author who used his baron for a just of clothes.  
I was deluged with her warm by the bailiff  
by a jell edged card from the Earl of  
Doomsday, only to find himself at the door of  
a hanging-home, with the bailiff  
"with this" & devil's face, coming out to  
secure me!"

NYPD

~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ And it is, But

~~This deficiency, if it is one, but just to some extent~~  
This deficiency, if there one, can easily be supplied  
by turning to Boswell. Only, ~~after some thought to~~  
~~Boswell from Goldsmith, that unmediated~~  
by turning to Boswell; ~~but, some go to Boswell~~  
~~straight from Goldsmith kindly~~ There of  
course is Goldsmith: ~~the Goldsmith as he~~  
~~appeared to~~ ~~seen by the Goldsmith the~~  
vain the curvour the man who talked always  
for affect, the man who blundered out his  
things; who drew a ~~line~~ in plum coloured  
clothes; who was not a social by - he tall  
now exhaled his mind with you; who was  
was an odd & a very ugly man; a man  
a man who who was extremely vain, extremely  
curvour & a very terribly muddled by Johnson  
for a very daring to interrupt that interrupt that  
crack. [From to his life & we shall find  
that he was extremely plain & pulled with the  
private box: that he went through every  
extremity of poverty; that he was unpurposed  
for debt; that he was never married,  
& that he loved a Miss Hornet.  
~~the had in short~~ ~~Further~~ ~~we~~ can tell this not  
from his biography: he was very plain

further

And yet ~~touches the~~ ~~we~~ try to compare  
And yet, after reading Goldsmith, so strong is  
the impression of something antipathetically calm  
char: independent that we cannot but  
chafe this fanciful blundering, ugly overdone  
man with: why was so Boswell mistaken?





NYPL

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to insist that Boswell was jealous, to lead into  
that ugly idea may come and produce  
conflict between his opinion & his coloured  
clothes, an attempt to sweep him up upon  
wrecks, to avoid himself; while deep within  
prevails a serene independent spirit. ~~not very~~  
~~deep, not very turbulent but~~ after nearly  
forty years he seems in the eyes to ~~stand~~  
stand up to Johnson: to claim that Boswell  
was for making an aristocracy & what should  
be a republic. ~~that~~ we cannot catch one  
more, ~~in that along position~~ where in the  
prime of life there are so many addles,  
amenities, & common lights & obscurities  
the ring of what is something that lies  
underneath, when all affections are swept away,  
& the talkers are just home to bed.

NYPL



Get This is a deficiency which can easily be  
made good up by reading Boswell; a get it  
to go straight from Goldsmith himself to  
Goldsmith in Boswell, has a strange effect  
all the proportions. It is a bewildering effect.  
There is he is in the flesh; a short man, 'coarse &  
vulgar' of face, ~~over~~ talking much too much,  
always & always & about himself, for effect, &  
& always about himself, linear, oratorical, overdone, &  
~~exactly confused~~ & capable of saying  
amazingly silly things. ~~uttering~~ ~~travelling~~ ~~vain~~, &  
get & get, with such, so simple, so ~~can~~  
Montaignian. That his dignity he would  
forget his dignity & ~~come~~ suddenly spring  
up from the sofa ~~to~~ which he ~~was~~ ~~for~~  
had uttered & in a dudgeon. forget his dignity  
& say "in a kind of fluster, from imagining  
himself in the situation which he had  
just been hearing described [Voltaire's  
interview with George the Third]  
'well, you acquitted yourself [better than  
in this conversation better than I should  
have done] for I should have bowed &  
stammered through the whole of it."  
This is quite another Goldsmith from the  
~~Goldsmith of~~ ~~direct~~ the polished, the  
beautifully clear & graceful Goldsmith of the  
books. And ~~at~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ Goldsmith, who  
lets about in his fine clothes,  
stammering, awkward vain,  
and he is undoubtedly a real man. Only

NYPL

The person who withdraws to the sofa out of his  
 is the same who knows he has on the table & says  
 "Take it!" when Johnson is nobody listening to what he  
 says. his voice is drowned by Johnson's. ~~Somebody~~  
 The portrait is painted when nobody will  
 listen to him because Johnson is speaking. Yet  
 like all good portraits, ~~we know this~~ the brilliancy  
 of the portrait is due to the fact that  
~~we have all the~~ though the observer is a the  
 yet the brilliant portrait of owes its liveliness to  
 the fact that ~~but~~ the man who saw made this  
 this ~~is~~ Johnson's portrait of Goldsmith was  
 noticed these things was a great observer of  
 character; & like him & on this occasion  
 his observation was we cannot help  
 suspecting his observation was more  
 genuine, more lively, more malicious than  
 usual because he was describing somebody ~~not~~  
 with whose whose foibles ~~troubled~~ <sup>like</sup> upon very like  
 his own, whose presence ~~troubled~~ <sup>his own</sup> would annoy him.  
 & jealousy, & whose success ~~got~~ <sup>annoyed</sup> him.  
 Boswell & yet, as for whose uncleanliness  
~~effort~~ he saw very clearly, because they so  
 much resembled his own, whose success  
 irritated him because he was it was what he  
 wished for himself, but for whom too he had a  
 certain sympathy, as for ~~one~~ <sup>too</sup> an  
 uneasy a person afflicted with much the  
 same difficulties that often made his own  
 life a torture. Still Boswell always preserves the  
 objectiveness of an artist - ~~the~~ <sup>he cannot</sup>  
 be wholly malicious, ~~because~~ <sup>he cannot</sup>  
 leave out the other side, because the other  
 side is Boswell's Goldsmith then, The



NYPL

~~But~~ Boswell's Goldsmith is a true Goldsmith. The  
Serene & slow liquid water was by no means a  
Simple soul, justly blooming through life,  
Cutting honey from every flower. He was extremely  
ugly: his face was pitted with small pox; he  
~~tried vainly & meanly to~~ struggled &  
wished not vainly but carefully, to overcome in  
daily life the indignity which nature had  
put upon him. He brought down on  
himself Johnson's tremendous punch. It  
was always flustering out ridiculous things that  
he did not mean. He was ~~obscurely~~ as  
Johnson has it, 'loose in his principles'; a man of  
no settled notion upon any subject, a  
strange awkward, And yet Boswell for all  
his malice was too good an artist to descend to  
Caricature. In his ~~unconscious~~ the cannot  
~~be~~ never simpler too much. He  
cannot help ~~transcribing~~ telling saying too how  
Goldsmith left the sofa & came forward  
jumping with ~~us~~ in a kind of flutter.  
And there we see the other side of the  
ugly awkward little man - his simplicity, his  
ardour, his lack of self-consciousness, what  
again reminds us of Boswell himself: so  
that Johnson, after his much look must  
pounce to make a sup: & again we  
are in the end, through Boswell's own lips,  
we hear Goldsmith speaking up, fairly  
charily, against autocracy. Boswell  
Goldsmith was never ~~Goldsmith~~  
convicted ~~himself~~: he came forward against  
Arthur's scound some of your points against  
Dr Johnson: & in particular, let maintain

NYPL



You are for making an ambassador out of what we call  
be a republic" - He plainly, he stood up to  
his fellows; & had a loge in his head  
& so the bank stood with all the talk & language.  
The excitement that so often flooded the ugly  
man, & made him humiliated him, with  
is that up; & we are left finally in the  
presence of the other goldsmith, the one who could  
think when he had a pen in his hand; the  
serum. The independent - the goldsmith who  
still from whom ~~works~~ still comes the  
often comes round weekly after the the  
lecture remind me of the story of an early day  
"A lady who died lately" said that it was "one  
of Oliver's habits to sit in a window of his  
mother's lodgings, & amuse himself by  
playing the flute." The flute, played by a  
man, He still sits in the window & plays the  
flute.

F. 1  
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NYPL

# Goldsmith

as Goldsmith  
were more  
than a century  
& a half ago

the public  
was

It must often <sup>happ</sup> ~~happen~~, when we read books, written a  
century or so ago, that the writer ~~seems~~ <sup>seems</sup> often seem  
to us that ~~the~~ we see, far perhaps too clearly,  
how ~~what we cannot see of our~~ <sup>how much a writer is at the</sup>  
~~own writer~~ <sup>mercy of circumstances</sup> about the middle  
of the eighteenth century. it would seem a  
very queer notion got spread abroad among  
the backs of great street, to the effect that  
they were people of importance, who owed a  
duty to the public. They were now the preachers,  
~~it was to them~~ <sup>the</sup> the great congregation of  
the ordinary men & women looked for guidance.  
~~such as what was the idea seems to have been~~  
For the first time I think paymaster was the  
public, & not the patron. Such at least  
seems to have been the conclusion that was  
forced upon Goldsmith, much against his will  
when came to him he was a young man,  
trying to make his living by writing, about the year  
1759. ~~It was a state of affairs~~ <sup>It was</sup> ~~It was not~~  
certainly not welcome to him at first. ~~It was~~  
not a conclusion that he liked. Reasonably, he thought  
he ~~advised~~ <sup>was</sup> the ~~writing~~ <sup>writing</sup> of the writer of the part,  
generation, & ~~thought~~ <sup>thought</sup> them greatly the superiors of his own.  
There would have been some under the patronage of  
the aristocracy. When the great Somers was  
at the helm, patronage was fashionable among  
our nobility. . . . I have heard an old  
gentleman of that glorious age say, that  
a dinner with his lordship has procured him  
invitations for a week the whole week



NYPL

following; that an airing in his patron's chariot has  
supplied him with a citizen's coach on every  
future occasion. But this link he  
combines, now seems entirely broken. In a the  
days of a certain prime minister of inglorious  
memory, the learned have been kept pretty  
much at a distance. A jockey, or a laced  
blazer, supplies the place of the scholar, poet, or  
man of virtue. The ~~the author indeed~~  
It is called an author, & all know that an  
author is a thing only to be laughed at. His  
person, not his pen, becomes the matter of the  
Cockney. At his approach, the most fast  
unthinking face brightens into malicious  
meaning. Even aldermen laugh, & revenge  
on him the ridicule that which was lavished  
on their forefathers.

Being laughed at by aldermen instead  
of riding in the chariots of statesmen was bad  
enough; but the ~~serious~~ rail of the change was more  
that it threw young men of brains into the  
power of the book seller. And the book seller  
are ~~trading~~ <sup>men</sup> ~~who want~~ it turned them into  
docile drudges. & voluminous hack. The compulsion of  
those encyclopaedias "carried on by different  
writers, cemented into one body, or (as they  
in the same design by the mediation of a  
book seller." Since writing was ~~paid~~  
had come to be paid for, it was in the interests  
of the ~~pay~~ <sup>author</sup> as well, & the writer to write as  
much, as possible. Not books swelled into  
vast sizes; style became solemn & pompous;  
the writer "wrote through a re volume,  
while they do not think through a page."  
On my conscience "he exclaimed" "I believe we  
have all forgot to laugh in these days."  
"more apt to write books than men  
and write jokes"

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NYPL



4 Anyda

Goldsmith

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About the middle of the eighteenth century  
a great change seems to have taken place in the  
in the conditions <sup>of life</sup> ~~of life~~ <sup>life</sup> which had  
been a life in great street, which seriously  
affected the art of the age. ~~For the first time~~  
~~the time~~ In times past the writer had been  
in the service of the patron. Now the patron was  
superseided by the bookseller. ~~For the first time the~~ ~~the~~ ~~his~~  
public was the paymaster & debated its terms.  
Nik at least was the conclusion that Goldsmith  
came to when he was a young man trying to make  
his living by writing about the year 1759.  
It was not a conclusion that he liked.  
Personally he thought the writers of the past  
generation much superior to those of the present.  
And their work had been done under the  
patronage of the aristocracy.

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but were the opinions of a young man, who obviously  
no doubt clearly had a greater gift for expressing  
himself clearly & lightly than for ~~conveying into the~~  
heart of ~~folios~~ ~~like his father~~ ~~these were with~~  
~~Quodammodo~~ ~~not with folios~~ "were angels to  
write books" he asserted "they never would write  
folios" But Hence his regret for the ~~ever~~ ~~the~~  
angels had something personal in it. It was  
among the angels he felt & the age of the angels was  
over. Yet before he had written a great deal  
more, another side of the question there was another  
side to the question, as he <sup>was</sup> soon pioned in his own  
person. In the first place, these druggists & tradesmen  
the bookellers, had the sense to see that a man  
who could write like this was the very writer they  
needed, not merely to relieve competition, but to  
furnish the weekly essay for which the new  
public had no great an appetite. In the  
second, Goodsmith turned essayist because the  
discovered that though the public is a regardly  
pay master, & ~~even inside~~ ~~the author~~ ~~whose~~  
~~is a druggist~~ still the without place or charity or  
five dinner in its gift, its still has another  
kind of honor to bestow, servants are  
its servants have duties to perform. They can have  
claim an importance, a dignity, which the  
the old poets gave them a standing, such as  
the old writer, under his close dependence on  
one patron, could not rival claim. For from the  
the public is a everybody was hungry  
now beginning to read. They were writing rather  
receiving more instruction from books than  
from the pulpit. He made bold indeed

2  
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NYPL

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2  
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For now the writer addressed a great congregation of all men & women. He ~~thought~~ <sup>thought</sup> the writer were had become the instructor of the age. He went so far as to say that "the countries where sacerdotal instruction alone is permitted, remain in ignorance, superstition, & heathen slavery. In England, where there are as many new books published as in all the rest of Europe together, a spirit of freedom & reason reigns among the people..." In short, the public might not be so discriminating as the patron; but it was more important; & in time it thinks right, & in time pays generously - ~~In fact he thought so. Now that that is~~ more, the writer in nowadays can afford to refuse invitation, can wear (just such, clothes as men usually wear) generally wear & if he loses certain emblems, has 'set his can bravely assert the dignity of independence.' The servant of the new public was more important, more necessary, & more independent.

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There were great considerations -  
And he can hardly be doubted that they had great weight, both for good & for bad, when sold with him

NYPL



an <sup>one</sup> individual

His easy to make <sup>too much</sup> such changes, too definite. Yet in  
this case ~~the~~ they steal on imperceptibly &  
then of effect is of the slightest. Yet it And  
yet Goldsmith was ~~obviously~~ <sup>not</sup> with it  
much lighter responsive to with his volatile sensitive  
felt was ~~the very way~~ <sup>if we read</sup> Goldsmith  
with his much responsive mind clearly registered the  
change. felt the they probably had ~~there~~ an  
the effect on Goldsmith.  
Yet as we read Goldsmith's early essay was  
clearly sensitive to the spirit of his times. His  
As an essayist ~~he~~ when he wrote for the Bee  
he became a Bee. Yet there was much in  
Goldsmith that made him susceptible to the  
spirit of the times. He was clearly  
even in the early essay when he adopted the  
in the Bee, when he adopted the habits that  
insect for his own -  
he was still. He was not a profound  
solitary thinker. He was. He suited him very well to  
address a large congregation familiarly.  
Even in those ~~this felt was~~ He was  
naturally impatient of solemnity, long  
words & ceremony - solemnity. Even as a  
young writer he ~~made~~ rolled up the  
Johnsonian rancor with a phrase  
taken straight from the thing seen.  
That And stoops down  
That felt, the power to make us feel  
that we are in touch with the thing  
themselves, & not with the outer shell of formal

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a decorative word was his from the start. But  
besides this light manner, this ~~fit~~ for there was  
also ~~and~~ he was, also ~~a~~ he that he was not  
only the master of a light gay manner, he was  
which seemed to make it natural for him to "  
love from flower to flower, with seeming  
inattention, but concealed choice," to "  
exhaust one all the beauties of the season -  
make my industry my amusement": there was  
also something practical, shrewd, &  
oblique in his temper which made him  
admirably fitted to play the new role of  
~~commentator~~ & teacher & satirist. His plain  
He had travelled - so he tells us in his first  
essay in the Bee. He had seen Leyden, Paris -  
Venice & Padua; but ~~though he had~~ travel  
his travels ~~had served to~~ far from plunging him in to  
reveries & ~~chimeras~~, or giving him a shambolic  
fantasy for the glories & forest, & the bright  
loneliness of the Alps had served only to  
widen his view of that ~~great~~ ~~fact~~ that make him  
consider the ~~hasty~~ ~~of the~~ human race: the little  
Orbance that separates man from man; the  
how much each ~~he can~~ learn from the other; how  
false boundaries are; how easy it is to  
pool our discoveries; to learn from each other;  
"I have often wondered why we never had, as  
in other countries, an Economical Journal,  
which might at once direct to all the  
useful discoveries in other countries, &  
spread them of our own." Goldsmith  
his mind. Nobody was better fitted indeed to  
play the part of public instructor than  
Goldsmith; because And the

18 the



NYPL

He had already <sup>supplied</sup> ~~written~~ <sup>put</sup> a citizen's name  
 titles that of a citizen of the world: & deplored the  
~~members who~~ last that "we are now  
 welcome so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen,  
 Spaniards or Germans, that we are no longer  
 citizens of the world;" "no longer consider  
 ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe,  
 or members of that grand society which comprehends  
 the whole human kind." That is the title  
 He takes the title that he himself would prefer  
 to the name of Englishman. It was in this  
 capacity that he certainly is in this detachment  
 this breadth of view, that gives him solidarity  
 as an insight his peculiar fervour. Other  
 writers strike deeper; other writers <sup>write in more</sup>  
 pack their paper fuller, & bring us <sup>more</sup> into intimacy  
 touch with them. He on the other hand  
 always keeps just on the outskirts; so that  
 without ~~losing~~ <sup>what</sup> the humour the absurdity  
~~without becoming involved in it, & can~~  
~~of the same strike him; it is not from far off~~  
 he is always. he can overhear what the  
 common people are saying, but what he never  
 lets himself be so much involved in it as to  
 lose his sense that there are other places beside  
 Fleet Street, other cities beside London. He  
 takes his walk from Ludgate Hill to Chancery  
 Cross when the streets are all lit up  
 for the to be celebrated a rebirth, & sends  
~~valour~~ ~~the self-satisfaction~~ ~~that~~ ~~seen~~  
 hear the three million angry with him who

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NYPL



"for  
man are  
waged in  
order thus  
lady.  
Gather  
may men  
fun;

where he lived; to visit the Abbey. St Paul, to marvel  
at the little bits of talk that ~~being~~ had been won  
at such a cost, to reflect upon the ~~pure~~ religion of  
curiouser & vulgar - ~~the~~ the congregation very at in  
the middle - of the, & being much; at the little  
flaps bits of talk that ~~have~~ ~~them~~; in minds of the  
patronage, at the ~~advice~~ & is to pass to the  
Chapel, & the literary people: to cast an eye which is  
wholly ~~inspired~~ at the extraordinary ceremony -  
indulgence to ~~not~~ pass off as the acclamation  
& till ~~rather~~ at the just habit of obscurity  
which was ~~standing~~ which in. when ladies were  
seen doing ready body where they used to hide  
beneath cushions. The ladies of the world  
still make very lively reading. The discharge of  
all these darts in the hands of the British public was  
done very ~~discreetly~~ & much under the cover of  
John. But it is plain that the reason why  
these darts stick, & these forewords still  
less numerous is that they were ~~strong~~ in the  
hands of ~~a~~ a novelist. Goldsmith & the  
Direct commentators can be in that, that were  
voluntarily, as ~~the~~ the John who were his  
anxious. But he had ~~some~~ the other just what  
it conveys an idea, ~~laugh~~ it in the road;  
hears men & women talking, ~~over~~ ~~step~~ in  
John. Now, & then by ~~with~~ ~~pleasure~~



NYPL

Perhaps it was the novelty just that made him a  
little discontented with his essay. People complained  
that they were superficial; but that was a condition  
people read; but that was a condition was a condition  
of the time. "I could have made them more  
metaphysical had I thought of it." But the real  
was not that it prevented him from profundity &  
depth; it was that they cut short the scene,  
embodied the character, who had a way of coming in  
quickly into existence. Down came the hammer was the  
end of the par. the Ben Tils. the cut in the  
knit up in the box. However (his may be,  
his

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

NYPL





It is a very common thing to find  
a person who is very kind and  
generous, but who is not very  
wise. This is because they are  
not very careful of their money.  
They will give away their money  
to anyone who asks for it, and  
they will not think of the  
consequences. This is a very  
great mistake, and it is one  
that many people make.

It is also a very common thing  
to find a person who is very  
kind and generous, but who is  
not very wise. This is because  
they are not very careful of their  
money. They will give away their  
money to anyone who asks for it,  
and they will not think of the  
consequences. This is a very great  
mistake, and it is one that many  
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money to anyone who asks for it,  
and they will not think of the  
consequences. This is a very great  
mistake, and it is one that many  
people make.



never extreme, never profound, & ~~never~~ too much  
occupied with what is on the surface to bind us to him  
as tightly as they do, ~~his~~ he ~~has the new~~, again ~~the~~ he  
cutting out new & again all the deeper because this  
reserve. "The only dedication I ever made was to my  
brother ~~And his~~ ~~Morse~~ ~~the~~ ~~this~~ ~~new~~  
truly felt that can make sentences memorable for him.  
Get Goldsmith was the author of ~~How small the~~  
part: 2 4 When they talked of the  
2 7 ~~it~~ proof that writing like an eye,  
yet leads to some smoothness. ~~was~~ over refinement,  
it still keeps an edge on the mind, so that when  
the writer has a sharp they truly he can say it,  
and for all.

Get this true that Goldsmith does not bind  
himself to us, as the enigma have done. He does not

know of course, his paragraph in charm.  
painted his limitations, Goldsmith is an  
of the most imperfect of writers.  
In the use of two pages. To  
read.

But the limitation is there. It does not  
bind the reader to him, as my reader do.  
He is Goldsmith, clear, elegant. And the reason  
And the puzzle of course  
And yet his limitation, to be too well known,  
too much. too perfect to keep a clear  
vision of his in the to be always  
clearly seen. humanly modest. & a rapidly  
silver with, we can not help suspecting  
that his are not in the can we can  
usually of us like: we can



NYPL

instantly  
And then as come the Angel turns to poor Poll.  
No transgression could be more abrupt.  
He is like coming in from the open air into a  
room packed with people. There is Goldsmith -  
a ~~short man~~ his person was short, his countenance  
coarse & vulgar, his deportment that of a  
scholar awkwardly affecting the easy  
gentleman. And he always ~~was~~ far from being  
companionable, when he talked much too much; he  
themed & pushed; he had stumbled; he lost what he  
was saying; he boasted; he was overheard; he  
suffered he strolled about 'bragging & blarneying'.  
He was transparently vain; greedy for notice,  
talked away at random & when caught in an absurdity. To  
hear of other people's successes sent him  
withering to a dot. He was envious &  
everybody - of a man who threw pique, &  
Boswell - ~~but~~ - nobody would let  
resemble Goldsmith the way then Goldsmith the  
man. Yet this too is a real man. ~~So~~ he  
yet Boswell's ~~stronger~~ than is Goldsmith as  
seen by Boswell; ~~of course~~ Boswell seen  
too is a real man. Clearly a very pleasant he has  
come within range of a very penetrating but  
unfriendly eye. The observation is more kindly  
& more malicious than usual because

became  
a friend;

Boswell is

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This an unflattering portrait; this a portrait drawn by  
someone whose ~~misgiving~~ <sup>misgiving</sup> is thickened by  
some jealousy - 'I am young to Miss Williams -  
said Jordon, when ~~Brownell~~ <sup>Brownell</sup> ~~at last~~ <sup>at last</sup> got at Brownell  
and have said it late high: but whose misgiving also -  
deepened by some sympathy by something who knew  
from her own experience how jolly she to be vain  
to be laughing to be loose in her morals as  
no self-dignified principle, to long for praise -  
It is not but ridicule. Brownell Jordon -  
a true Jordon. He was by no means a

And yet Brownell was for two years an  
artist to draw to the middle of caricature.  
Reproach He was watching Jordon. ....  
He shows the knife's fluttering admiration  
that overcame his vanity in Jordon. He would  
Jordon praise. He He gives him full  
effect to the contradiction - how he is he the  
butcher's knife the work. And  
a contradiction which was somehow  
only understood & solved when J.  
the only ordered thing by men  
for ages by himself, to be drawn in the  
Temple. Look for him, & write his  
sentence he much the impeccable  
sentence in which he gave  
truth, especially, just & old friends  
hear again. The voice at. he had  
heard when he was a boy sleeping  
the flute on the window sill.

NYPL

Both were true; the

& I am for this reason, no doubt that when  
he withdrew to his room in the Temple, his  
beautiful Serena, poor, ~~has~~ <sup>was</sup>  
has something that still regains, beside the  
charm: the sense & the good humor - an  
accent of independence, of course, of  
some thing wonderful & painful; as if the  
he had travelled far since he visited the  
Plato when mother's window sits: a lot  
music, laughter, the old song, are still what  
he likes best.



NYPL

upset -

Get fold with as an enagent has a peculiar utility  
which is strange when we think how much other writers  
using this form have told us about themselves.

There are perhaps two reasons for this. The first, that he ~~was~~ a natural melody jays in his ear - he has but to take a pen in his fingers & it waters of itself. The other is more obscure; but no one who reads Goldsmith in the mass will fail to note certain <sup>very apparent</sup> ~~assonance~~ - with ~~run~~, with ~~glance~~, with ~~poverty~~, with awkwardness & simplicity which ~~relate to the~~ that is plain that they will be ~~become~~ <sup>unfamiliar</sup> ~~unfamiliarly~~, without his knowing it.

We write so beautifully, so directly, so  
 with such reserve & refinement. I never ~~was~~ <sup>thought</sup> that he talked  
~~that~~ like an angel, was it not <sup>partly</sup> ~~that~~ he talked  
 like now Pott? We have only to open Bonnot's -  
 there is gold dust in the dust. Why in a robe worthy  
 of a king, he touches; he

He has  
more than  
enough to do at  
the party in the  
winter house  
if there is  
holding his  
company.

He was pushing for ill res. van.  
always threat him when the father

working with my became Johnson. La mother  
Key is holding the trophy with the all over  
over age is a book marked over and only later  
over

The ~~poor~~ 9th was  
and yet like all Bowler's husband & he the  
heart & life in: our angel the woman  
who lived here was not a simple soul.

2 yet the on

NYPL



199  
But Introduced to Book  
Called Reading, Writing.

~~The ~~handbook~~ of writing about books is that~~

181 Dec  
1933

Goldsmith

How far is the writing the servant of the public -  
how far does a change in do the changes in  
does a change in the  
Most writers would ~~in~~ <sup>to</sup> hear these talk, believe that  
when they retold to their ~~books~~ <sup>books</sup> which the  
believe that the man who ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> visits them is  
a winged lady, dwelling in the skies, who  
Most poets, to hear them talk, believe a believed  
in the goddess of poetry called in the old days  
the muse - ~~she was~~ <sup>she was</sup> winged but immaterial  
she came if you addressed her ~~in words~~ <sup>in words</sup> called  
her rightly, & ~~gave~~ <sup>gave</sup> your pen, filled your  
eyes made your eyes flash & your  
hand tremble, ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> the pen wrote. This  
something of a shock then to discover, from  
~~the researches of literary historians,~~ <sup>all the</sup>  
other sources that besides the muse, there are  
far less romantic figures than the ~~ways~~ <sup>ways</sup> works of  
have their say in the production of  
poetry. The slightest acquaintance with  
library history reveals a whole troop of  
un darlings: great ladies, earls, statesmen,  
bookmen, ~~editors~~ <sup>editors</sup>, librarians; -  
all have had their influence, no less than the  
man, stream, in determining what shall be  
written; & all luck will have it,  
they grow steadily less ~~romantic~~ <sup>romantic</sup>: picturesque.

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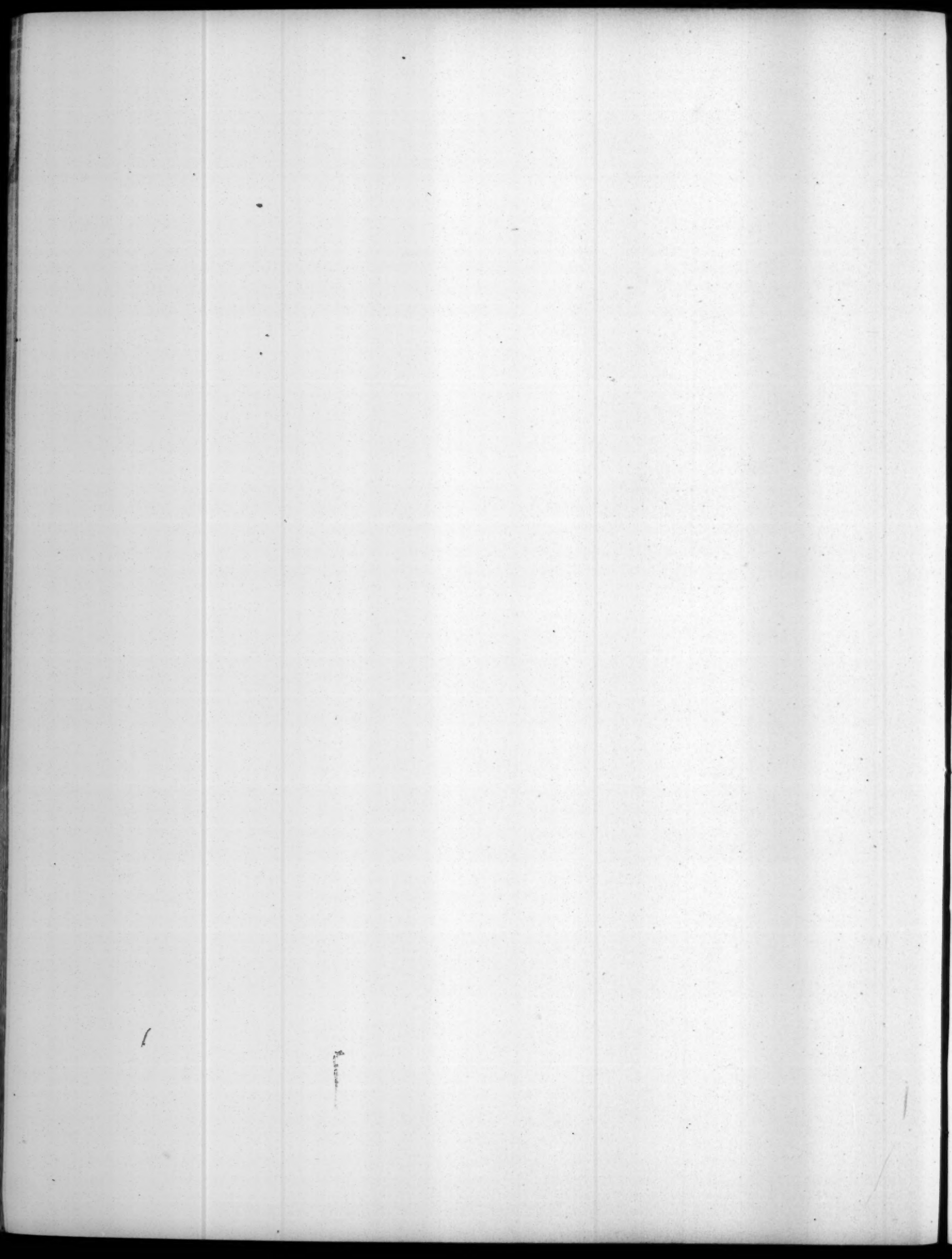
dingy men  
L woman

Sidney's Lady Pembroke sitting robed in pearls & brocade,  
has been replaced by ~~the~~ a woman ~~from~~ in ~~her~~  
who have books as if they were slabs of meat -  
demands, of the library assistants, a novel with a  
happy ending. ~~She gets it too.~~ And they get it

never he  
purly to  
these a secret  
in his wrap

Goldsmith with ~~with~~ his delightful simplicity is one  
as the ~~as to~~ ~~with~~ ~~he~~ ~~delightful~~ ~~simplicity~~ -  
~~gives away the~~ a woman who could not hold  
his tongue or wrap up a plain fact in delicious  
vague phrases ~~gives away the secret.~~ in it  
appeared to him ~~in her~~ about the year 1757.  
blasted the truth about





April 12<sup>th</sup>  
1835

Draft of Profession etc.

In asking me to speak to you you have done me a  
great honour. But what a very strange position to  
find myself in! A hundred fifty years ago  
such a position would have been impossible.  
There were only 3 professions. Think:  
the king, government, <sup>the state</sup> or a <sup>that very large</sup>  
profession that which had its offices in the  
moral state. Now, there are...

But let me hasten to say that although you  
have been practicing these professions for 20  
years, you have nothing to be proud of.  
Let me quote the words of the bible....  
As a failure then, I speak to you who  
are also failures.

Somewhat I doubt it. But let me begin  
in a pacific vein.

And when I came here I rubbed up a  
few facts.

What is still more, you will soon have  
these professions taken from you - 20 years  
not with you again....

The professions which you practiced were  
for you - will now be taken from you.

But let us go back a little. - then look  
forward a little. Let us examine

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these statements.

Perhaps these statements are

Now to go into these remarks would need many  
volumes. I have only dipped my thumb here  
& there. And if the results are fragmentary  
I offer them to you to make better use of.  
I will begin then with a short historical  
survey. And ~~then~~ I will take

two hundred years there was a woman called  
Astik. She lived not very far from the spot.

Why did she dream this idea? At a rate  
perhaps Brahm prevented it. Then there was  
my w: But finally there was

Lady Lovelace. a lady of a type that is  
still extant. She sat in her room watching  
for the maid. Because she could not  
out.

There are these extracts. We will now go on.  
Now I will take a page from another book.  
But what has she yet to do with  
professors for women?

There I am going to skip

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What men were behind this movement? I think  
the same forces that are now behind the  
unemployed. Women a lonely (the standard)  
a life a degradation, a feeling of inferiority....  
Florence Nightingale said the same thing.  
But what for the Crimean war the  
war. never have been heard.  
Our war has taught us other lessons.  
And one of them is the need of employment.  
What is the need of employment? To make  
from the home. To have money. To enjoy  
life. But how can we enjoy it?  
without some money? But how  
much?

Women not a war for which women were  
responsible. The war had been  
started. Women a war undertaken by men.  
And for my own part I think never not an  
undertaking that you came for peace.  
Women a deadly dull affair. Death was  
dealt out to everybody. And death is  
a very dull thing. There is nothing  
glorious or romantic about it.  
Women not magnanimous unfeeling. No great  
and war produced. But it did  
produce on a large scale precisely the  
unemployment that Mrs. St. Vincent  
so feared. It produced them



NYPL

honor that she dwell upon. I cannot say I was  
a liberal man formerly. And yet I was  
the last that was found upon women until  
1919.

I am referring to a small clan of men.  
As it happens I was in my own clan - I will  
not look at middle or upper middle - it  
was the clan where brother & sister  
were educated. The women of that  
clan were not educated, very few.

Indeed the brother were.  
The average in family was that way  
4 degrees & so on. Now the education as  
a rule 2 or 3.

That another 2 was not the right  
for the education the degree. Naturally  
Suave & she touchingly I was used then.  
We, the father & daughter went into  
wherever College they. In which my  
the aunt - Paul, Alice,  
all that 400 a year, hard for.  
In some ways there was a deprivation in  
other a way the education. The man

These days had their children.  
It wanted legal in some cases.  
They did not had to do without.  
& that is quite a great education.

NYPL



from that view not a sufficient one. Pleasure is  
after all a great educator. Still more,  
freedom is a great educator - without which  
a working freedom can there  
be a fully human body & mind? And  
let us answer by Louisa. What really  
pleasure a freedom did she have?  
This time that she was in a sense very fortunate.  
She had nothing to fight for. She said that  
let people come & talk to her.  
They talked & she talked.

But after all unless you are young & have  
purpose, the circle of the world with  
leaves.

But then

There are old blackbirds.  
Let us look at some facts. The present  
condition is that a woman may find  
herself lucky if she can make £250 a year  
after paying taxes. The men of £750 is  
Murray. Why stream to me that the  
real fighters are the Creators. The  
only real soldier Creators, after  
all are the women who are  
making £250 a year.  
To justify this I must explain why.

NYPL



The man is amply provided for - Look at Whitaker.  
It is said on the assumption that he has a large  
family. But does he 'have' to?

Here we broach the great question. I am  
wondering whether  
whether the man by whose taste are  
so liberally catered for?  
Individually very nice. But why must  
he have a family? The person?  
Are they poor? That seems to be a question.  
That we do. I don't see how. But let  
drop that. Let's find that a man who he like  
the - good.

But then he has never returned himself.  
Ought we to return and? I think not.  
Obviously the only woman has far too  
little sexual experience. I was told  
that a larger, mainly study,  
than in all large communities. I am  
Why not? What is there ridiculous?  
Who would he accept, provided for.

And then is very much. The  
that propriety. That is  
falsely elegant. That is  
the that the he has to. But  
other parties are. The most  
Another problem is obviously the



NYPL

a far greater education than male.  
Here we touch on delicate ground.  
Grant yet women to enjoy an office.  
They will love them yet.  
But we must value them yet.  
They are. When we charged more  
them the women than man.  
That is one the man. The husband who  
loves the other day, the husband who  
the husband in his like her. The  
has still to take her value & take to  
her. Why?

Let us see. She cannot argue.  
Bengal Lancer. Then the  
Then the Cenotaph. Then the  
Lancet. Mr. The cannot  
situation all that.  
When he looks up, why is he done,  
he is in he says a truth.  
How could she do?  
By not

When I am myself is that there still to be  
men perform.  
no person, men perform....

NYPL



The woman who is making 150 a year is the real hero.  
The only creature. The only being who can save herself.  
Look at her. She works in the numbers of day waiting  
for her hour. What can she do?  
Oh but then she has possibilities. That's what  
opportunity is. Let's go on in spirit...  
She is the daughter of  
She has come from the middle class family.  
And her mind is the worker like this.  
What a mixed package...  
What can you have a 15 a year.  
Her attitude is I think much better than the men.  
She has this sense to  
Now in what direction give her to advance?  
The programs are open to her. But there's  
very disappointing they are! The fact is the  
Parliament - I think has the problem. We  
that we are connected with these other. She has  
been hypnotized to remote... The  
Over so no life.  
How do they make her men?  
What are the passions? Why are  
Can't they control her? Why are  
The passions yes. But think of the  
home life...  
And then she goes home, needs in  
love. The needs are...  
Yes... the

NYPL

141  
Take the only profession I have known of  
liberation. You can make 250 a year this  
way. But the trouble is why you want.  
Here again, the teacher, the professor.

These are the dangers.  
That I repeat. Then, buy a copy not but at  
work. Analyze the superficial  
complex. Law. my title. degree.  
And then the complete type.  
The practical reduction... Come a teacher.  
The chance is then before you. to be as  
unlike the professional man as possible.  
to not to make any. not to  
clerk. not to want  
fight, the force...

There are no doubt several unfortunate writers,  
but as a profession it seems to me  
probably the most defective in the world.  
That is to say, it is organized in groups.  
Everyone has to lecture a few times. They  
with all the life. pay and the

So then the war was. I think this  
was to be a success. The war  
was all the honour. The should



NYPL

143  
can to combine the different purposes. There sh. be  
no less a work a man a dash...  
that they should share their duties:  
One cannot, with wisdom begin in,  
advent the attitude you make.  
One the first that he was he taught her  
been the perfect change to power in the man.  
This is not romantic. This is not empty.  
This is barbarism. It is the great law of  
the world for only a happy it to end.  
The boarder the woman in the  
the young women. When are you to  
O C Martin

NYPL



143  
When your secretary asked me to speak to you for Propensities,  
the Condensed me to several weeks of <sup>acute discomfort</sup> ~~mercy~~ -  
which I can as you will understand when I

tell you that ~~in my story~~ I have two  
proposals to put before you: the first is that  
all professional are to be avoided; & the  
second that several new propensity must be  
invented. How to explain; but to  
justify these statements, is the task that  
a severe task. That can only be attempted  
if you will excuse short cuts, & I must  
take certain license a benign generous  
imagination.

A better history is let me begin with a  
two or three portraits & a scene; by sketching a  
few scenes & portraits & for this it need  
hardly be said that by way of giving perspective  
to what is in truth a brand archaizing  
new portrait - for as I stand here, I am  
worn the women who are new &  
practically the person, it must the portrait is  
to Hartley that it need a  
practically person that Here you stand  
sketching a most new person. Behind you  
as may be so, That is one of the most  
inventing things about this factory of human  
woman - the best good from which I may  
that it has a back view.



Had I any words to spare, I would use them to  
ask your sympathy. What plight can we  
worse than mine? — <sup>John</sup> Committed to think about  
Craftmanship. & I do not believe that such a  
thing exists: not, I mean, where words are concerned.  
~~of course there is~~ ~~The craft of~~ ~~Craft~~ A graft  
produces what is called ~~craft~~: words are not  
~~crafted~~ ~~of words~~ you can put words together:  
as you put that of wood when you make a  
can say the word is a ~~part~~: Where wood is  
false. You can say: You can  
conceal the word is intelligible. You can  
the word properly manipulated makes sense  
false. But words never make anything —  
useful. Words are the most useless of all  
things. Words ~~put together~~ are dead, canned,  
~~dead~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~used~~; ~~as~~ ~~soon~~; ~~as~~ ~~soon~~; they are dead, —  
violent. He cannot teach people how to  
use words. Nothing is known about the proper  
use of words. ~~When we~~ ~~use~~ ~~words~~ I may  
as for teaching people the craft of words, I may  
as well let the cat eat the bag instantly  
a reg that I am so concerned that we have  
expected to teach the art of words that it  
I will debate — if I take on this  
throw the word, I would cheer in  
thunderbolts when I liked, they

of pub:  
table.  
Chan.



NYPL

they would run and mangle upon the heads of  
prophets: of all nations: of all persons: of all  
who refuse to teach the art of writing &  
strike them dumb.

~~In my view, words are I attach~~  
Now I am not going to tell you what I think the  
person ~~of the~~ ~~word~~ ~~and~~: because because  
I can not. I wish I could tell you why!  
Think this word and - this act of making  
word into sentence - is ~~important~~. &  
after all, perhaps the most ~~important~~

only make nothing the least intent. They  
make that is to say the shalman. That  
This train passes Rank 1st. This  
A good gentleman in word simply maintain  
simple statements - which he wh.  
# Now I look are word even until the!  
Perhaps they are -

Now the act of word in a very different matter.  
But the act of word cannot be fought:  
Therefore this word for me to I ~~must not~~  
How did you write it as let? Why does the  
do the word machine seen, men in  
than the British Review? why does



